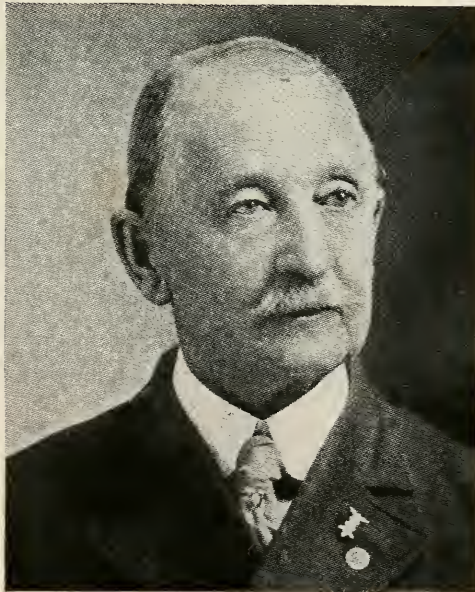
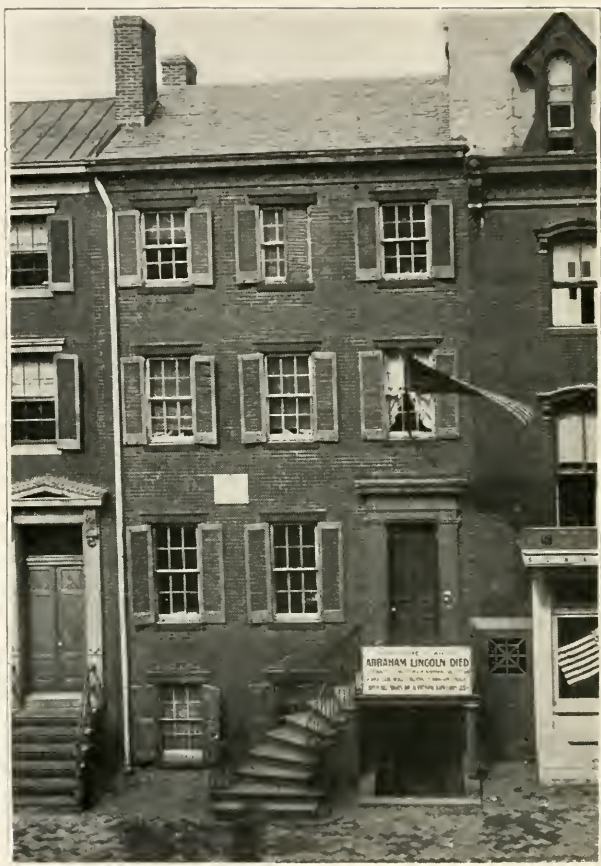


Abraham Lincoln, true history's theme,
Poetry's idol, and sculptury's dream.



Osborn H. Oldroyd, whose fruitfulest years
Saved to postersty these souvenirs.



HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED
22 Minutes Past Seven A. M., April 15, 1865.

OLDROYD COLLECTION OF LINCOLN SOUVENIRS

Captain Oldroyd began, in his earlier youth,
Almost wonderful, beautiful, dutiful task—
Perseveringly seeking those treasures of truth,
Too divine to be lost, 'neath oblivion's mask—
And due but to his labors, devoutly applied,
Is the Lincoln Collection, America's pride,
Now enshrined in the building in which Lincoln died.

On and on, as the years toward eternity sweep,
Shall this Lincoln Collection of rare souvenirs,
By its silent suggestiveness, fixedly keep
On our minds the great Lincoln who grows with the years.
Rich in character, courage, and prevalent prayer—
Never nailing his hope to the cross of despair—

Hearts like Lincoln's today are distressingly rare.

Over hill, plain, and valley, oft a-foot and alone,
Long the hot, dusty highways, in quest of a prize—
Devotee to his task—Captain Oldroyd trudged on,
Realizing that his was a call from the skies.
Oldroyd's name, for this service of love, it appears,
Yoked together with Lincoln's, will live with the years—
Dedicators—immortal—of these souvenirs.

HORACE C. CARLISLE.



THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

The Lincoln Memorial stands as the shrine
Round which immortality's tendrils entwine,
But Abraham Lincoln, America's own—
Immortal—is far more enduring than stone.